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FOUR LINES PICA, No. 4.

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THE LITTLE PICT. NO. 4

FOUR LINES PICA, No. 4.

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LOIS TIERRE BICY No 7

Great Primer, No. 5.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam-
diu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese
effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium
palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus
bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus lo-

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Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? qua-
ndiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese
effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsi-
dium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil con-

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ENGLISH, No. 4.

LEADED.

WHATEVER similitude may be between humour in writing, and humour in conversation, they are generally found to require different talents. Humour in writing is the offspring of reflection, and is by nice touches and labour brought to wear the negligent air of nature; whereas, wit in conversation is an enemy to reflection, and glows brightest when the imagination flings off the thought the moment it arises, in its genuine new-born dress.

Men a little elevated by liquor seem to have a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious and fantastic images that raise our mirth; in fact, what we generally admire in the sallies of wit, *is the nicety with which they touch upon the verge of folly, indiscretion, or malice*, while at the same time they preserve thought, subtlety, and good-humour; and what we laugh at is the motley appearance, whose “whimsical consistency” we cannot account for.

People are pleased at wit for the same reason they are fond of diversion of any kind, not for the worth of the thing, but because the mind is not able to bear an intense train of thinking; and yet the ceasing of thought is insufferable or rather impossible.

In such an uneasy dilemma, the unsteady excursions of wit give the mind its natural action, without fatigue, and relieve it delightfully, by employing the imagination—

Whatsoever similarity may be between the
 more in writing and more in conversation,
 they are generally found to require different
 talents. More in writing is the offspring
 of reflection, and is by nine tenths and labor;
 brought to wear the rugged air of nature;
 whereas, more in conversation is an enemy to
 reflection, and glows brightest when the con-
 sideration of the thought the moment it
 exists in the common view from those.

Men's little elevated to higher, seem to have
 a peculiar facility at striking out the capricious
 and fantastic images that rise in their mind; in
 fact, what we generally admit is the subject of
 wit is a many of the words that are used in
 more of their conversation, or in their writing;
 the same time they preserve their propriety,
 and good humor; and what we call in
 the most appearance, which, without con-
 sideration, we cannot account for.

People are pleased at with the same rea-
 son they are fond of diversion of any kind, not
 for the worth of the thing; but because the
 mind is not able to bear an intense train of
 thinking; and yet the cessation of thought is
 inevitable or rather impossible.

In such an uneasy dilemma, the instantly
 excursions of wit give the mind its natural re-
 lief, without fatigue and relieve it delightfully.
 by employing its imagination—

Small Pica, No. 7.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam diu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ vide-

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But wandering oft, with brute unconscious gaze
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring:
Flings from the Sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature: hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on Earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad cædem unumquemque nostrum. Nos au-

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Small Pica, No. 8.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quam diu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigiliæ, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima, quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad eadem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere

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We have the pleasure to annex for your information a memorandum containing particulars of the sales made here during the last two months, and of our arrivals to this day. Our prices have been very fairly supported throughout, indeed we believe no market on the long run has made better returns than this, and the adjacent Port.

Although the quantity now under delivery to the Dealers is considerable, we are happy to say the demand continues such as to afford a great probability of an advance of price on the stock remaining in first hands, but in our next we shall be able to give more particulars.

Sweet bird, that shunns't the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way.

Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra? quamdiu nos etiam furor iste tuus eludet? quem ad finem sese effrenata jactabit audacia? nihilne te nocturnum præsidium palatii, nihil urbis vigilia, nihil timor populi, nihil consensus bonorum omnium, nihil hic munitissimus habendi senatus locus, nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt? patere tua consilia non sentis? constrictam jam omnium horum conscientia teneri conjurationem tuam non vides? quid proxima quid superiore, nocte egeris, ubi fueris, quos convocaveris, quid consilii ceperis, quem nostrum ignorare arbitraris? O tempora, O mores! Senatus hoc intelligit, consul vidit: hic tamen vivit. Vivit? imo vero etiam in senatum venit: fit publici consilii particeps: notat et designat oculis ad eandem unumquemque nostrum. Nos autem viri fortes satisfacere reipublicæ videmur, si istius furorem ac tela vitemus. Ad mortem te, Catilina, duci jussu consulis jam pridem oportebat: in te conferri pestem istam, quam tu in nos omnes jamdiu machinaris. An vero vir amplissimus, P. Scipio, pontifex

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Dois-je oublier Hector privé de funérailles,
Et traîné sans honneur autour de nos murailles?
Dois-je oublier son pere à mes pieds renversé,
Ensanglantant l'autel qu'il tenoit embrassé?
Songe, songe, Céphise, à cette nuit cruelle
Qui fut pour tout un peuple une nuit éternelle;
Figure-toi Pyrrhus, les yeux étincelants,
Entrant à la lueur de nos palais brûlants,
Sur tous mes freres morts se faisant un passage,
Et, de sang tout couvert, échauffant le carnage;
Songe aux cris des vainqueurs, songe aux cris des mourants
Dans la flamme étouffés, sous le fer expirants;
Peins-toi dans ces horreurs Andromaque éperdue:
Voilà comme Pyrrhus vint s'offrir à ma vue.

